DO IT NOW!* *See page 20.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 455. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

04?288

For meaning of this No. see page 11. of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See Page 20.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 20, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be *permanently* insured during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 20 fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against All War Risks, as specified on page 20.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, February 24 and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, February 25.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

J. STACEY, 11, Dennett Street, Nottingham. 477,008. January 23rd.

S. PLATT, 78, Braemor Road, Fallowfield, Manchester. 434,132. January 23rd.

ELEANOR E. C. PETERS, Hermitage Cottage, Warkworth. 114,107. January 23rd.

W. E. JOHNSON, "Crosswood," Beljair's Drive, Leigh-on-Sea. 322,904. January 23rd.

M. SHERIDAN, 14, Teesdale Terrace, Thornaby-on-Tees. 212,756. January 30th.

WALTER BRINE, Gervis Hall Restaurant, The Arcade, Bournemouth. 175,411. January 30th.

W. A. HAWLEY GROAT, 13, Maybank Villas, Corstorphine. 526,785. January 30th.

MISS MARY ARMSTRONG, 11, Chapel Brow, nr. Workington. 505,789. January 30th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 13th:—

013946	196721	356734	509318	830807
026615	231031	386568	627159	854600
044478	238752	417947	673021	873828
054857	250600	437886	699 481	913836
078825	255112	451811	702764	943772
105822	270782	470871	732442	974581
125963	279493	503918	768905	999416
129652	315068	520062	778509	A002368
174182	335688	559012	794312	A035042
186332	349456	593357	804462	A068753

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published February 27th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **February 20, 1915.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS.

If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Feb. 27th.

HOME WIN.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Middlesbrough	v.	Manchester C.
			Sheffield U.	v.	Newcastle U.
			Liverpool	v.	Burnley
			Bradford	v.	Bradford City
			Manchester U.	v.	Everton
			Bolton W.	v.	West Bromwich
			Blackburn R.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Notts C.	v.	Sunderland
			Leicester F.	v.	Blackpool
			Glossop	v.	Preston N. E.
			Wolverhampton W.	v.	Bury
			Stockport C.	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Leeds C.	v.	Birmingham
			Arsenal	v.	Derby C.
			Luton T.	v.	Crystal Palace
			Portsmouth	v.	Exeter C.
			Southend U.	v.	Brighton & H. A.
			Bristol R.	v.	West Ham U.
			Croydon C.	v.	Plymouth A.
			Southampton	v.	Northampton

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Name .....

16 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "**John Bull,**" **25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.,** mark envelope in top left-hand corner, **Football Contest, No. 16,** and send to reach us not later than **Friday, February 26th.**

3. The sum of **£1,000** will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on February 27th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of **£250** will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,000 nor the £250 being won, **£50** will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts whatever the number; and **£20** to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull." If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, the £250, or the £50, the "Mary Bull" prize will be awarded to the sender of the **next** most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,000, the £250, the £50, as well as the special £20 mauve coupon prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

SINGLE-WEEK CONTEST. CLOSES FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Middlesbrough v. Manchester C.				Wolverhampton W. v. Bury
			Sheffield U. v. Newcastle U.				Stockport C. v. Huddersfield T.
			Liverpool v. Burnley				Leeds C. v. Birmingham.
			Bradford v. Bradford City				Arsenal v. Derby C.
			Manchester U. v. Everton				Luton T. v. Crystal Palace
			Bolton W. v. West Bromwich				Portsmouth v. Exeter C.
			Blackburn R. v. Sheffield W.				Southend U. v. Brighton & H. A.
			Notts C. v. Sunderland				Bristol R. v. West Ham U.
			Leicester F. v. Blackpool				Croydon C. v. Plymouth A.
			Glossop v. Preston N. E.				Southampton v. Northampton

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 455. Week ending Saturday, February 20th, 1915. One Penny.

NOW READY.

"BOTTOMLEY'S SECOND BATTLE CRY."

Full Report of Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY'S GREAT SPEECH at the "JOHN BULL" WAR RALLY at the

1D. ROYAL ALBERT HALL. 1D.

EVERY BRITON SHOULD READ IT.

MAY BE OBTAINED OF ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS

Or from the Publishing Dept., "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., 1½d. post free.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"Wanted, a New Religion."

We are being frequently taken to task by one or other of the brilliant writers on the *Freethinker* for our "flirtations" with religion, and last week there was a very courteous, and caustic, criticism from the pen of Mr. Arthur B. Moss—to which we propose to reply in our next issue.

The German War Loan.

Would the Government make inquiries of some of our wealthy "British" financiers, with a view to ascertaining whether any of them—and, if so, to what extent—subscribed to the recent German War Loan? We have a reason for the suggestion.

"British" Finance.

And, speaking of British financiers, we were struck with the following announcement, which appeared in the papers the other day:—"Mr. F. Eckstein has resigned from the board of the Central Mining and Investment (on medical advice), and Mr. L. Reyersback has also resigned, as he wishes to devote himself to the diamond business of Messrs. L. Breitmeyer and Co." Oh, dear us!

"Battersea, Burns and Bottomley."

Apparently there is no help for it—we *must* give the date of the meeting; so here goes—Thursday, February 25th. But please remember that it is a *Battersea* meeting.

The *Dacia*.

Business methods are certainly required of the Government in dealing with the *Dacia* case. So far, the German-Yankee element are carrying out a pretty system of "legalised blackmail." The vessel's value is about £22,000, and if she is seized our Government propose to pay *freight* to the amount of £24,510, considerably over the usual top rate, so that the cute "purchasers," having put her under the American flag, will nett £20,000 clear profit in one voyage!

A Pointer.

The announcement of a great War Skill Competition, with big prizes for forecasting the approximate date of Peace, and the amount of the Indemnity, is surely a pointer—to the beginning of the end.

The Business Man Arrives.

Have you noticed how fashionable it has now become for politicians and others to urge the introduction of Business methods into affairs of State? We expect to be reading shortly that Mr. Bonar Law was the author of the Business Government idea.

Divided Authority.

How comes it that, whereas some hitherto fashionable seaside resorts are condemned to utter darkness, by order of the Chief Constables—acting presumably under military authority—other and, in some cases, adjoining towns are brilliantly illuminated? How the Germans must be laughing at us!

The Latest Order.

The authorities are waking up. The Army List, we hear, will not be on sale again during the war, and the current issue of the Navy List has been withdrawn from publication. There is much speculation regarding this step. The reason probably is that it contains the names of various mercantile craft armed and engaged in the service of the Admiralty, and which might meet hostile submarines or other engines of Satan.

Our Friend Hogge, M.P.

He has been at it again. Not only is it the "great mistake" of the crisis that we have placed Lord Kitchener at the head of the War Office, but we have no right—no 'ethical' right—to have a Secret Service Department of the State. But if we *must* have such a vile thing, then he insists upon knowing just how the money is spent. What funny men we do get in Parliament!

News from the Front.

Have you read that letter from Mr. Ikenstein, prisoner of war in Germany, eloquent with glowing praise of his treatment by the enemy, and concluding with "P.S.—Moses was shot for complaining"?

Another £1,000 Football prize—Single week contest. See page 31.

Letters from Prison.

Sad to say, a good many of our heroes fighting at the front and watching on the high seas, have relatives "doing time." The fact that one is free and fighting, and the other in durance vile, does not always break the bonds of affection between father and son or brothers. A father who may have ignored or overlooked the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and is now expiating his lapse at Dartmoor or Portland, might very well desire to drop a line to his son in the trenches. He is permitted to do so; but he is provided with prison paper to do it on. Prison notepaper, we understand, bears the printed address "writ large," and many a Tommy, brave to a fault in facing the Germans, would rather stop a bullet than accidentally disclose to his comrades the fact that he has a relative or a friend in "quod." That is why we ask the prison authorities to relax the regulations, and allow prisoners to write to their friends at the front on *plain notepaper*. Accidents happen, even in the best-regulated trenches; and it is not nice to think that even a dead soldier might be in a sense dishonoured by the necessary examination of the contents of his pockets.

The Milk Conspirators.

From what we can gather, the milk conspirators have not wholly succeeded in putting up the price. When Monday morning dawned in the South of London—at any rate in some parts of it—there were individual milkmen who repudiated the plot with scorning. "It is all paper talk, m'm," said one of them to an angry housewife waiting for him on the doorstep; "milk's the same price this morning as it was yester' mornin', an' I've got no instructions to charge no more." So we understand the matter remains in that quarter of London. In other parts the impudent plunderers of the Metropolitan Dairymen's Society have had better luck, and, if people choose to be bled, they must bleed. But what may be pointed out to the thrifty is that condensed milk saves sugar; also that if they cut down their milk bill as much as ever possible, the artificial price, which the plunderers have announced their intention of making permanent all the summer, will soon come down again.

Catholics and Recruiting.

Has Lord Kitchener stopped Catholic recruiting? Either the *Catholic News* is misinformed or somebody at the War Office has been badly bungling. According to our contemporary, Lord Kitchener has put every possible objection in the way of Irish Nationalist recruiting, while he has gone out of his way to show partisanship for the Ulster volunteers. Then it publishes a letter written by the Rev. Father O'Doherty, Parish Priest of Omagh, who says that a number of Irishmen enlisted from Tyneside were sent to join the Royal Inniskillings in Ireland. Their first billet was Victoria Barracks, Belfast, where they were refused admission. They were then marched to Enniskillen, where they were told that, being Catholics, they could not be admitted; finally, they got in at Omagh—and that a few weeks later the same thing happened again. If there be any truth in these statements, we hope those responsible will be severely dealt with.

War Office Sweating.

We thought that the donning of a khaki uniform made a difference only in a man's appearance; but we find that it has an effect on his pocket. Clerks enlisted by the War Department for home service are given the sum of £2 5s. 6d. per week, receive uniform, and their wives get separation allowance. The civilian clerks who work beside them are in receipt of but 24s. per week, and get no clothing, nor are their wives eligible for separation allowance!

Silly Magistracy at Luton.

Judging by their recent proceedings, we should say the Luton Licensing Justices have been born silly, acquired silliness, or had silliness thrust upon them. First, under the illuminating chairmanship of the Mayor, they issued an order suspending the sale or consumption of liquor on licensed premises after 9.30 p.m. It was then pointed out to them by the advocate of the Licensed Victuallers' Association that this order debarred visitors staying in hotels, as well as landlords, their families, and servants, from having a drink after 9.30. They then knocked their mental timber together again and added to their order the exception that "this order shall not apply to *bona-fide* lodgers living on the said premises." When the same advocate again pointed out that, while under this exception *bona-fide* visitors staying in hotels could have a drink, as if at home, after hours, the landlord and his family and his servants could not, the Mayor exclaimed, "Well, all I can say is that this is the decision of the magistrates, and it is unanimous." Luton landlords who want a drink with their supper after 9.30 have now to confine themselves to the aerated waters, or drink whatever they please and apply for an extension the day after for what they had the day before. Which is delirious rot.

"A Word to the Postmaster-General."

It now appears that our remarks under the above heading in our issue of January 30th should have been addressed to the Committee of Telegraph Clerks, who control the Central Telegraph Refreshment Bar, Roman Bath Street, City. *They* are the culprits who allow their waitresses to be disgracefully overworked, and deprive them of a weekly half-holiday—whilst they themselves take good care not to work more than eight hours a day, *unless they are paid overtime*. No doubt they shelter their consciences behind the General Manager, whose natural anxiety is to make the bar pay expenses. What are the L.C.C. Inspectors doing that they do not see to it that the provisions of the Shops Act are obeyed here as well as in any other refreshment room? They are down quick enough on a poor little struggling tradesman who keeps his shop-door open five minutes too long on early closing day. But—well, what's going to be done about it?

Fussy Prosecutions.

The Chester City Justices were lately called upon to adjudicate in a case where a local hairdresser had employed his son, a lad under 14 years of age, to lather customers, in contravention of a by-law therein made and provided. In extenuation of his heinous offence, the barber pleaded that, having allowed two older sons to go to the war, he had ventured temporarily to employ the younger lad, thereby hoping to continue business as usual. Upon technical grounds the Justices found that they had no jurisdiction in the case, but in dismissing it the Chairman declared that in the judgment of the Bench "the excuse put forward was a thoroughly good and sufficient one." We agree, and we commend this sane view of the matter to the Wolverhampton Stipendiary, who recently convicted a barber in very similar circumstances. In the present posture of public affairs, such trumpery prosecutions are ill-timed.

Ink and Ingenuity.

"Could you inform me," asks a Cheltenham reader, "whether there is any reward offered for a method of removing the ink from a used postage stamp, and, if so, where applications should be addressed?" There is, and if our correspondent tries the method he is pretty certain to get the reward. Applications should be addressed to the police.

Result of our No. 14 Football contest. See page 31.

German Yeast.

The "Candid Critic" of the *Bakers' Record* is more candid than critical. He has taken us to task for stating that we had noted with disgust the number of German bakers who advertise in the *Bakers' Record* for situations. "Are there no British bakers out of employment?" we asked. The aforesaid "C. C." appears to be a little in doubt as to what we meant in expressing our disgust. We will tell him. We were, and are, disgusted to find a trade journal of the importance of the *Bakers' Record* opening its columns to the advertisements of our alien enemies when there are hundreds of British bakers out of employment. In the issue in which our candid and critical friend's attempt at satirical humour appears, we count no less than six advertisements of bakers who openly declare themselves to be Germans, and the ad. columns may contain the announcements of many others of the same breed who do not care to disclose their nationality in print. If a declared German were to come to us and ask for advertisement space, we should tell him, in the politest fashion possible, to go to Hell!

An Evil Leaven.

Some readers protest that in a recent paragraph we were a little "too rough" upon the Y.M.C.A., which organisation, they declare, "has earned the gratitude of hundreds and thousands of men by its work in the military camps." We are by no means unmindful of the generous zeal displayed by the Association in the provision of creature comforts for the troops in training; but while freely recognising the value of these efforts, we cannot shut our eyes to certain aspects of their propaganda which we believe to be wholly mischievous. The "secret vice" pamphlets recently issued with the official sanction of the Association are frankly disgusting, and no sound purpose can be served by mincing words upon the matter. That the Y.M.C.A. has attracted many men of a wholesome and virile type we freely recognise, but it evidently contains a sprinkling of nasty-minded prudes, who seem to have acquired a lamentable degree of influence in its counsels.

Costly Comforts.

A labourer with a wife and six children to support, and a son at the Front, is not feeling particularly well pleased with the Post Office just now. And no wonder. His soldier son sent home for a few sweets. With infinite difficulty—for this is a home of great poverty—a small parcel of sweets and cigarettes was made up, weighing in all 12 ozs. The mother took it round, with the last three coppers they possessed in the world, to the Post Office; but was grief-stricken to find that the postage would cost 1s. She was forced to return home and wait until her husband had found something to pawn to enable her to forward the little package of comforts to her lad in the firing line. The value of the parcel's contents was 2s. 4½d. Is it necessary to point the moral and adorn this tale? We think not. Oh, for a patriotic—if we cannot get a Business—Post Office!

"The Scene is Changed."

A correspondent wonders how many of our readers are aware that "in the same week, and possibly on the same day" as a private citizen of Linlithgow saved one of our honoured soldiers, invalided from the Front to die in hospital, from a pauper burial, a very different scene was being enacted in another part of our Island—the funeral of a German prisoner, whose body was conveyed on a gun carriage, while troops lined the route of the procession, and accorded full military honours during the whole of the burial proceedings. Verily, we are a peculiar people.

"Helping the Doctors."

Anent our recent paragraph voicing the complaints of passengers that the upper windows on L.C.C. trams are compulsorily kept open in all weathers, "thus creating a fiendish draught, and helping the medical man's trade," the *Medical Times* asks: "How dare JOHN BULL insinuate that draughts are switched on with a view to 'Helping the Doctors'? The stocking is on the other leg." We don't care a toss which leg the stocking may be on, but we strongly object to a draught that gives one socks. It is all very well for our learned contemporary to point out that patients in hospitals and sanatoria lie in the direct line of draughts from windows open day and night all the year round. That proves nothing, except that the sick suffering from certain complaints can often stand atmospheric conditions which might prove injurious, if not fatal, to the hale and hearty. Moreover, the aforesaid patients are not subjected to 20-miles-an-hour draughts of London fog and chill. Draughts may or may not cause colds. But they cause damnable discomfort; which nobody can deny.

The Reward of Virtue.

In the ordinary relations of life honesty is doubtless the best policy—provided, as Mark Twain once said, you are not "too" honest. This qualification is specially important in regard to dealings with the police. Thus, a Shepherd's Bush reader lately received in course of change a two-shilling piece which he fancied was rather darker in colour and lighter in weight than a respectable florin should be. Having heard that coiners were at work in the neighbourhood, our friend took the suspicious counter to the local police station, where, after examination by the sergeant-in-charge, it was declared to be counterfeit and confiscated "according to law." Having thus vindicated the purity of the currency, our informant seems to have expected a brand new coin in exchange for the "wrong 'un," but his innocent hopes were doomed to blank disappointment. For his zeal in the law's behalf he got nothing more valuable than an official receipt! There seems to be a good deal of sense in the Yankee's cynical adage.

Squelching "Sub." Savagery.

Recently, *Syren and Shipping* announced that it was prepared to pay £500 to the captain and crew of the first merchant cruiser which sinks a German submarine, and the following day the Berlin headquarters included the news in its wireless budget! We do not think that the £500 will be long unclaimed. A submarine, wonderful as she is, can be very easily sunk, and the sight of a British steamer making end on for one of the underwater pirates would send a cold shiver through the crew. The slightest touch, and down she goes, because her stability is so easily upset. The ram they hold in deadly fear, and a plucky captain should have little difficulty in avoiding, if not sinking, one of the pests that threatened to attack him. There is little fear of the submarine using her torpedoes on ordinary merchant craft; they must be held in reserve for war ships.

Up the (Telegraph) Pole.

One of our readers, a trained telegraphist, but now the proprietor of a small public-house, was passing the local post office a few days ago when he observed in the window a notice that temporary assistants were required. Having some spare time on his hands, he made application for a post, was tested and found efficient. In filling in the form of application, however, it was noted that he was a publican, when he was informed that Post Office Regulations prohibited his engagement In the *London Gazette*, of the same date, we find, amongst the names of aliens receiving naturalisation papers, a German whose occupation is given as "telegraphist in the employ of the General Post Office"!

More big prizes for the best "Bullets"—See page 32.

OFF WITH THE GLOVES!

A LITTLE STOCKTAKING—AND NOW TO FINISH IT.

For more than six months, as the clocks and the calendars go, Britain and her Allies have been at death-grips with the legions of the Arch-Hun. From the outset of the conflict we have striven in these columns, and elsewhere, as occasion has offered, to focus public attention upon the grim significance of the fight—destined to leave indelible marks upon the chequered pages of human history. Unashamed of honest passion, we have sometimes spoken in anger, invoking vengeance upon the authors of devilries unparalleled in the records of civilised war; and to-day we recant no syllable of our sternest condemnations. On the contrary, we demand that the fierce wrath of British hearts shall be forthwith translated into terms of military and naval strategy and of diplomatic pressure. Words in their place are good; but in war, only blows count. "Moderation in war is imbecility," and every fighting man knows that in this pregnant phrase Lord Fisher spoke the literal truth. Never losing sight of this stern axiom, let us for a moment consider where we stand.

A Little Stocktaking.

Glance first at the credit side of the martial account. Here we have ample ground for honest pride, but none for mischievous self-complacency. In the Western theatre of war, the first wild onrush of the Kaiser's hordes has been repulsed and the foe is successfully "held" upon a line which has varied little since September last. Paris has been saved, and, except in the North-Eastern departments, the industrial and domestic life of our French Allies has escaped violent disturbance. Upon the Eastern front there has been ceaseless ebb and flow, without decisive advantage to either side. As we write, Von Hindenburg has been baffled in his latest attempt upon Warsaw, while in the Carpathian passes the battered Austrian forces have shown that they are not yet an altogether negligible factor in the fight. Of the imprudent intrusion of Turkey little need be said. The "sick man" lies *in extremis*—the hour of just retribution at hand. And now let us turn to the sea campaign—for, with deep respect to the brave efforts of our gallant troops, it is upon her traditional element that Great Britain has been able, so far, most effectually to aid the cause of the Allies.

The Sea Campaign.

The absence of vivid spectacular effects is apt to render us a little insensible to the stupendous achievements of our Fleet; whilst successive mishaps, inevitable in modern naval warfare, have sometimes been made the occasion of hasty criticism. Justice to the Board of Admiralty, and to the gallant men afloat, demands a calmer view. Reflect. For half a year Great Britain has waged war with her strongest naval rival, without tangible threat of disturbance to the peaceful avocations of her people. With our Imperial existence and our very life as a nation at stake upon the high seas, we are able proudly to proclaim "Business as usual"—not only within these islands, but upon the ocean routes of the world. Meanwhile, Von Tirpitz impotently foams at the mouth, and, despite a huge expenditure upon maritime equipment, the tongue remains the stoutest weapon in the naval armoury of the Hun. As to the ultimate outcome of the sea affair, no solitary misgiving remains. But more anon.

The Other Side.

And now for the other side of the shield—or, in stocktaking parlance, the debit side of the account. Here wisdom counsels a frank recognition of the achievements of the foe. In the wearisome siege-warfare now proceeding in Flanders, the highly trained German conscript has given an excellent account of himself; with the result that the completion of six months of war finds the enemy strongly entrenched upon Allied territory. Except for an outpost or two in Alsace, Germany remains as inviolate as our own sea-girt land, and behind her embattled frontiers her misguided people enjoy prolonged respite from the rigours of the invasion to which they are inevitably foredoomed. There is nothing to be gained by belittling the strength of a powerful foe, and we shall do well to recognise that Germany is still a long way from the end of her resources. No strategist of repute believes that the Allies can win the war by means of siege tactics, however unremittingly applied. There are signs that Germany anticipates, at least upon her western frontier, an indefinite prolongation of the existing deadlock, and in this fond expectation she is artfully shaping her plans. Her illusions must be vigorously dispelled, but before we speak of the future the achievements of the German Fleet call for a passing word. Poor indeed they may appear, compared with the masterly operations of Sir John Jellicoe's sentinel squadrons. In one particular, however, the strategy of the German Navy Department has achieved success. After six months of war, the Kaiser's darling flotillas remain intact, having strenuously declined all invitations to decisive combat. On sea, as on land, Germany favours the waiting game. Blundering hopelessly in her reading of national character, and grossly underrating the pertinacity of the Allied Powers, she fancies that time is on her side. Her present policy is to shout loud and save her powder. Of the devastation of Belgium and the dastardly attacks upon Scarborough and Whitby there is no occasion here to speak. In the final reckoning they will be remembered.

The Task of the Allies.

But now to business. We are still on the road to Tipperary. Weeks ago we declared that by hook or by crook the tedious journey must be shortened, and we now venture to reiterate our demand for the speeding-up of the war in every possible direc-

tion. Nothing that we are about to say implies the least reflection upon the directors of our fighting forces, in whose capacity and judgment we retain complete confidence. In the whole range of the Empire there are no two men more admirably fitted for the rôle of command than Lord Fisher of Kilverstone and Lord Kitchener of Khartoum; whilst in Sir John Jellicoe and Sir John French the First Sea Lord and the Minister of War possess active lieutenants of the finest calibre. With supreme trust in these gallant commanders, therefore, and in their capacity to see us through to victory, we insist that they shall be given a chance commensurate with their sterling merits. The nation venerates Lord Fisher, the creator of our modern Navy, and the very embodiment of our maritime traditions. Very well, then—the Government must give him his head. "Hit first, hit hard, hit anywhere!"—let the order be flashed to every unit of the Fleet. The British people idolise the Minister of War. No sentimental considerations, no humanitarian foibles, no factious criticism must be allowed to impede the fulfilment of his plans. The stupendous task before these two consummate strategists may be indicated in few words. Belgium and France must be freed from the grip of the invader, and to this end our Expeditionary Force must be strengthened by the whole available manhood of the nation. The Prussian legions must be rolled back upon Berlin. Honour demands that we abate no single item of our original purpose in the war. On land, Germany must be beaten to her knees, and at sea she must fight or surrender. It is now several months since Mr. Churchill spoke of our digging the Kiel rats out of their hole. *And now we must do it*—do it at any sacrifice, at any cost. If these German ships are to be permitted to await their own convenience before coming out, what is the use of our naval preponderance? Let the enemy understand that war fleets, in time of war, are made to fight, and that unless she either comes out or surrenders—well, it is not for us to say, but we know what we *could* say. Let us get the job over. It has been on long enough, and must now be brought to a speedy conclusion. The feeling of the nation is unanimous. There must be no more preliminary sparring. This is no friendly bout. The gloves must come off.

OFF WITH THE GLOVES!

Yes, that is the thing—the gloves must come off. Are we prepared for the necessary sacrifices? For our credit's sake, let there be no hesitancy about our answer. Already we have had more than one bitter taste of the gall of German hate. The blood of slaughtered women and babes cries aloud to us, not only from martyred Belgium, but from the soil of our own fair land. For the honour of Britain, never let it be said that only the goad of compulsion could rouse her laggard sons. The man who enlists to-day will be thought no less of than his fellow who answered the earliest call; but make no mistake—the hours of grace are nearly spent. We mean business, this time. The gloves are coming off. Out there, in those bloody trenches, brave men are daily asking, "Where are the rest?" We answer confidently that they are coming—coming voluntarily in their hundreds of thousands—and coming after that, if need be, by stress of compulsion until the final triumph of our arms is assured, and Berlin rings to the tread of our victorious troops. But there should be no such need. Again we say, let Lord Kitchener serve his Requisition on the Government, with a Time Limit—*and it must be obeyed*. A million trained men are now ready. *Why are they still here?*

TEACH 'EM BLOCKADE.

Why not? Hitherto we have withheld one of the most powerful weapons in the armoury of a naval belligerent—the right to declare foodstuffs contraband of war, and to seize all cargoes of food bound for enemy ports. It is scarcely conceivable that Lord Fisher can have approved of this self-denying ordinance, and we fancy it owes its continuance to fear of complications with the United States, entertained by one or two nervous members of the Cabinet. But the insolent Proclamation of Admiral Von Tirpitz has served to open American eyes to the villainy of Germany's war philosophy, and we rely upon the moral support of the Washington Government. This is *our* fight, and we mean to end it in our own way. Give Lord Fisher a free hand, too.

THE AWAKENING.

In a sentence, the civil authority must defer in all things to the naval and military power. Ministers must not be "consulted"—neither must Parliament. Both must be merely requisitioned—to provide the wherewithal for the fight. In time of war—and *such* war—nothing counts but the fighting machine and the men behind it. That machine is the combined force of the Navy and the Army; and the men are Fisher and Kitchener. In the case of the former, it is true, he is to some extent possibly handicapped by being subservient to a political Chief—a remnant of the now effete and for ever discredited system of Party Government; but, happily, in this particular case, the Chief is neither a fool nor a spiritual philosopher—and Mr. Churchill may be trusted to place his relative importance in the technical councils of the Sea Lords in proper perspective. In the War Office, however—thanks to the patriotic instinct and penetrating wisdom of Mr. Asquith—Lord Kitchener is supreme. And our demand is that whatever these two experts—to whom the Empire has committed its life—require to be done—be done. There must be no Cabinet Councils; no conferences with Lord Haldane, nor with anybody else. Politicians matter least of all people just now. *They* got us into the war—the sailors and the soldiers must get us out of it; and when it is all over—well, we will have no more interference on the part of Liberals, Unionists, Home Rulers, Labourites, Free Traders, Tariff Reformers, or any of the other dreary "schools of thought" which have been distracting the mind of the Man in the Street for the past thirty years—whilst the wily Teuton has been stealing away his work and wages, and scheming for the ultimate conquest of his trade and commerce throughout the world; and whilst Messrs. Codlin, M.P., and Short, M.P., have been fooling and flattering—and taxing—him to the top of his bent.

Yes, we are awake at last, and all things will be put right—*after the war*. So off with the gloves, lads, and finish the job!

WHO HAS LIED ?

A FEW WORDS WITH MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

By A. G. Hales.

Last week one of the leading London daily papers published an allegation to the effect that Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald had, according to a German wireless agency, expressed the opinion that the various witnesses before the French and Belgian investigation committees had given "hysterical" evidence in the matter of outrages alleged to have been perpetrated by German troops. I do not know if this matter has reached the notice of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald; if not, the sooner he becomes aware of the use made of his name in this connection, the better. I have seen no disclaimer from this gentleman in the journals of the day, and should like publicly to ask him whether or not he made any statement as that which is attributed to him. If he has done so, let him come forward with his proofs, for, unless I misjudge them, the public, especially the working-class public, of these Isles will not tamely tolerate, without absolute proof, the championship of ravishers, murderers and incendiaries.

Mr. Macdonald is an M.P. If he were in private life, his view of the matter would not be worth a great deal of notice; it is his public position that makes his opinions worthy of criticism. Had he been merely J. Ramsay Macdonald, no news agency, German or otherwise, would have sown his alleged statements broadcast over the world; the man counts for little, his place in Parliament counts for much.

A Bad Record at Home.

Unfortunately, the reports issued in this country of opinions expressed by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald make it absolutely necessary that he shall deny or prove what is laid to his charge. Here is an extract from him in the *Labour Leader* of August 27th, 1914:—"We"—(Britishers)—"are in this conflict in a senseless, blind sort of way, because years ago we had not the foresight and common sense to protect ourselves from being drawn into it. France is in it to wipe out 1870-71; Russia is in it to dominate the Old World—Asia as well as Europe." A man who could promulgate such twaddle as that, might be capable of saying that the witnesses before the Committee of Investigation of outrages in the war zone were the victims of "hysteria." To such a man our treaty for the protection of an invaded Belgium might well seem "only a scrap of paper." He told his audience, on August 27th why, in his sapient judgment, Great Britain, France and Russia were in this horrible war. Why did he not say why gallant little Belgium was in it also? Addressing an audience at Merthyr Tydfil on October 25th, 1914, Mr. Macdonald said: "This war, as is true of all wars, has been made by diplomatists, and the people have been dragged by the tail into all that happens when a war breaks out." This war was not made by diplomatists; it was made by Wilhelm, Kaiser of Germany, the scourge of the world, for the purpose of consolidating his power in Europe and overawing the commercial markets of other nations. Mr. Macdonald is as mixed in his facts as in his metaphors. Diplomatists have not made all wars, ancient or modern; in fact, diplomatists have had but little to do with the world's greatest wars. Neither Cæsar, Hannibal, Attila, Charlemagne, Mahomet, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, nor any of the great war-makers, was a diplomatist. They were, as William the German is, just men grown mad with earth-hunger and ambition. History is eternally repeating itself. Whenever a man of that type is born to power, or usurps it, wars follow. If there had not been a half-baked monster on the throne of Germany to-day, there would be no war in Europe at this moment. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald should read history, and try and understand what he reads. I want him to acknowledge or deny his alleged part in this latest insult levelled at some of the best civilians amongst our Allies. If he admits the authorship, perhaps he will tell us that we are hysterical witnesses when we point to the one hundred and twelve graves on our own East Coast, filled mainly by the bodies of murdered women and children, done to death in sheer wantonness by the accredited agents of William, the scourge of the world. Let us look at the facts as they stand.

What are the Facts?

All Belgium has been laid waste; her cities, towns and hamlets have been ravaged. I myself have seen many of them. Her fields have been laid waste; the flower of her manhood has been maimed or killed. I myself have seen tens of thousands of her population fleeing hungry, half-naked and penniless, before the soldiers of the "scourge." I have seen them lying in fields and on the highways in the rain, in droves, fireless, foodless, famished. I have seen the peasantry of France in much the same plight; but let that pass. It is the evidence of the Commissions that we want to analyse. A writer may be accused of being sensational, even hysterical; no such charge can be laid at the door of the men who collected the evidence by which the crowned assassin shall be judged by posterity and condemned by his conquerors when they hold him and his in bonds at the termination of the war. The Commission, after careful and exhaustive examination on the spot, tells us of feeble old men of seventy dragged from their village homes and shot or bayoneted; of dear, grey-haired old grandmothers shambled like sheep—aye and worse, for the honour of some of those grandmothers was not respected. Think of it: dear, sweet-faced old dames, trembling on the verge of the grave—dishonoured, and then shambled. It puts the scalping knife and tomahawk of the savage on a plane higher than Germany's vaunted civilisation. "How is it none of our soldiers see these things, and tell us of it?" asks the critic, and my answer is that these things are not done in the presence of our soldiers; if they were, it would be to the eternal shame of the soldiers who saw it done and did not die fighting to defend the women and the old men. But to return to the evidence of the Commission. Girls of tender age, scarce more than children, have been ravished. Husbands have been hurled out of homes at the point of the bayonet, that wives might become the prey of uniformed ghouls. Vestals have been shamed in front of older relatives; women in the presence of their children. Homes have been looted and burnt, harmless peasants lined up and shot like driven cattle. All these things have been done within the last few months by the brothers of the men who shot our women and children at Scarborough and Hartlepool, or else the Commission of Investigation consists of the foulest body of men the world has ever produced, and it is hard to believe that nations so chivalrous and gallant as our Allies would stoop to such unutterable degradation as the selection of degenerates for such a task. It is hard also to believe that a British member of Parliament would lower himself to whitewash criminals in uniform, and I hope that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald can step forward and vindicate himself against the charge to which I have referred.

AN IRISH TRAITOR.

SHOULD MR. GINNELL ALSO BE EXPELLED?

During his occupancy of the Chair, Mr. Lowther has built up a reputation not inferior to that of the most famous of his predecessors. His qualities for the great office he adorns are inborn. We are safe in saying that this fine old English gentleman is nowhere in the House more sincerely admired and loyally supported than by the members of the Irish Nationalist Party. Mr. Ginnell, the "Independent" Member for North Westmeath, is the exception which proves the rule. His particular grievance is that Mr. Lowther will not permit him to explode his oratorical gas at any and every moment he pleases, on whatever subject he pleases, regardless of its relevancy to the time and the occasion. He therefore attacks the Speaker before and behind at every opportunity. He fumes and threatens and froths, and he is consumed with such a rage that the notes of his thin, piping voice, tumbling one over the other pell mell and helter-skelter in his throat, almost choke him as he stands. The other night he charged the Speaker with "perverting against the House the powers conferred on him for the maintenance of its functions and privileges against all outside forces."

Although very "small beer" at Westminster, where his incorrigible egotism has alienated every section of the House, this wild Irishman is a considerable figure in his native constituency of Westmeath, and at a recent meeting of the Mullingar Independent Nationalist Executive of the United Irish League, he contrived to ease himself of a good deal of concentrated venom against the Empire, from whose coffers he is not ashamed to draw a comfortable Parliamentary stipend. By way of introduction, the orator observed :—

> As all the daily and most of the weekly Press of the British Islands, like all Party leaders, had been commandeered into a solid league for misleading the public in every way about the war, a few independent remarks would be new to most people and might be useful.

Having thus put himself upon comfortable terms with his audience, the speaker delivered an harangue which, if couched in the vernacular of the Huns, would doubtless have evoked the wildest enthusiasm in any German city. It says little for the loyalty of his hearers that he was permitted to proceed unchecked. An extract or two indicates the general tenour of a speech which, if the law were consistently applied, should have landed its author in gaol. We quote from the *Irish Times* :—

> Proceeding, Mr. Ginnell gave a description of the condition of the Prussians (a discreet reporter has omitted this ill-timed panegyric), the character of their country and how they lived, and continued: When the newspapers in England's service tell you that these people have suddenly become Huns and destroyers, remember that the English have for centuries boastfully called themselves Anglo-Saxons—that is, belonging to the same Teutonic race as the Prussians; that their present quarrel is a quarrel among cousins. . . . We may not have to live very long to witness the cousins re-united and English and Prussians together fighting the French as they have often done before.

This traitorous trash was followed by an impudent proclamation of Irish "neutrality." Having discussed the position of independent nations, the speaker declared :—

> Every reason that justified the neutrality of those free countries and made it honourable was one hundred-fold more binding on Ireland, which was not free mistress of her own affairs. Ireland was bound to be neutral, and was neutral so far as she was allowed to express a free opinion.

These extracts reveal the fibre of the man. It says much for the forbearance of "the English" that the insolent traitor was not "frog-marched" into Palace Yard, to say nothing of a moister destination by way of the Terrace. He should at least be suspended from attendance at Westminster, and deprived of his Parliamentary stipend, till he has acquired the elements of decent behaviour. In the present financial stress, we have no money to waste upon such graceless whelps.

ENGLAND'S HYMN OF CONTEMPT.

The souls of our foes are foul with shame,
  Their hands with murder red;
May they riot in hell, where the lost souls dwell,
  For the sake of our innocent dead.
Our sweet-faced women and lisping babes
  Were shambled in foul despite
By the craven foe, who had learned to know
  How our Sons of the Sea could fight.
They dared not stay in the windswept bay
  To measure the might of our men,
So they butchered babes at the mother's breast
  And ran for their homes again.

Kaiser and Junker, Lord and Lout,
What is bred in the bone must surely come out;
Bred from the wolf, ye show the earth
The bloody fangs that were yours at birth;
Beware of the hour when the lion springs,
Ye who stab at the breast where the baby clings.
We waste no hate on a foe so base;
We throw a nation's contempt in your face.
God of the World, at Thy Judgment Bar,
We ask Thee to judge us for what we are—
A sinful breed, full of stubborn pride,
But we call the witnessing world to our side:
We shamble no women, we butcher no child—
It is Germany's sons that stand defiled.
We waste no hate on a foe so base;
We throw a nation's contempt in their face.
Butchers of babes, your hands are red
With the blood of our beautiful dainty dead.
Our women who sleep by the whispering sea
Damn you through time and eternity.
As long as history lives, your race
Have a world's contempt tossed into its face.

Sons of the Wolf, ye hid your fangs
  And lulled a world to sleep;
Now your fangs are bare, ye only dare
  To mangle the lambs and the sheep.
The women of Belgium, the daughters of France,
  Know well what your honour is worth;
If their men were there ye would not dare
  To become the scourge of the earth.
Ye crept through the seas on your hands and knees
  To harry our own East Coast;
Our women's blood and the blood of our babes
  Is all that your valour can boast.

Kaiser and Junker, Lord and Lout,
What is bred in the bone must surely come out;
Spawned in slaughter, in lust and shame,
Wolves to the bone, though men in name—
Beware the hour when the lion springs,
Ye who stab at the breast where the baby clings.
We waste no hate on a foe so base;
We throw a nation's contempt in your face.
God of all brave and true manly men,
We approach Thy Judgment Bar again—
We ask Thee to judge us and hold us clean
Of the foulest crime that the world has seen.
We shamble no women, we butcher no child—
It is Germany's sons that stand defiled.
Britons waste no hate on a foe so base,
We hurl contempt in each coward's face.
Butchers of babes, your hands are red
With the blood of our beautiful, dainty dead.
Our children who sleep by the moaning sea
Damn you through time and eternity.
As long as the earth breeds manly men,
No German can hold up his head again—
Bereft of honour, by God's good grace
The World will spew its contempt in his face.

"AUSTRALASIS."

Had your "John Bull" pen yet? If not, hurry up. Coupon on page ii of cover.

THE TRADE WAR.

HUNS HELPED BY THE BOGUS BOARD.

In the production of sweetened mineral waters, saccharine is an important agent, but the Legislature in its wisdom has seen fit to impose an import duty upon the serviceable commodity, and its admission to this country by parcels post has consequently been forbidden by the Post Office Authorities. The British supply of saccharine having been impeded in a way which will presently appear, Messrs. Wheeler and Co., mineral water manufacturers, of Belfast, invited a Dutch firm to submit a one pound sample of the article. In due course they received the following official notice from the Customs Department of the G.P.O. :—

> Post Parcel 130 received here from Fa. S. De Leeuw Hoorustra, Amsterdam, and declared to contain saccharine has been found upon examination by the officers to contain saccharine, net 1 lb. As the importation of saccharine is prohibited by parcels post, the whole package is therefore liable to forfeiture, and is detained for the directions of the Board of Customs and Excise as to its disposal. Any explanation you may offer to the Board of Customs and Excise can be conveniently sent through this office.

There had already been a good deal of delay in the delivery of the sample, and Messrs. Wheeler and Co. were anxious, for business reasons, to obtain possession of it without further loss of time. They were apparently unaware that the importation of small packets of saccharine was forbidden by the postal regulations, and therefore wrote :—

> Owing to the action of a certain Corporation resident in London for many years, the price of saccharine has been kept at an artificial level for a long time. Arising out of the war, they recently made a most extravagant demand upon us, and in self-defence we have been obliged to seek other sources of supply. You can readily understand that as British manufacturers it is necessary, if we are to maintain our trade against German competition in the future, that we should be able to buy in the cheapest possible market.

Then followed a frank apology for "having transgressed the regulations of the Post Office" and a straightforward request in these terms :—

> We should like to have the parcel, in order that we may have the quality of the saccharine tested, and if you will please advise us of the amount of the duty to be paid thereon, we shall remit it forthwith.

At the same time, Messrs, Wheeler and Co. submitted to the postal authorities copies of a lengthy correspondence with the Dutch firm relating to the possible purchase of saccharine. We have inspected these documents and we need hardly say that they completely dispose of any suspicion of "smuggling" which the customs officials may have entertained. It was, therefore, with blank amazement that the firm received the subjoined reply to their very reasonable application :—

> In reply to your letter respecting Post Parcel No. 130, I am directed to inform you that the Commissioners of His Majesty's Customs and Excise have ordered the retention of the saccharine as a seizure.

His Majesty's Commissioners of Customs and Excise are evidently trying to live up to the traditions of the Board of Trade of which they form an important branch. Concluding that their decision must have been based upon a misapprehension of the facts, Messrs. Wheeler and Co. again ventured to appeal for the release of the sample, pointing out that "if hampered by British Customs Officers" they would be powerless to aid "in capturing a portion of the German trade." Such pearls of reason are evidently wasted upon the officials of the Department, who seemingly have neither the sense nor the courtesy to discuss a point of this character in a business-like way. In a scrappy memorandum, which might have been penned by the office boy, Messrs. Wheeler and Co. have at length been informed that "the seizure of the saccharine in question is to be maintained"—and there presumably the matter must rest. Indignant at this gross interference with their legitimate business operations, our correspondents insist that "British Government Officials must be taught to take a broader and more sympathetic view where manufacturers of their own country are struggling to hold their own against German rivals"—or, in a phrase, a business Government for a business people, and a clean sweep of the official deadheads who block the path of commercial enterprise!

TOUTING FOR TOMBSTONES.

MONUMENTAL MASON'S MONSTROUS METHODS.

The impertinent intrusion of a touting tradesman at a time of bereavement is, in our opinion, a sort of sacrilege which deserves the severest censure. That is why we desire to draw public attention to the canvassing methods adopted by Henry Paul, a monumental mason, of 141, Ealing Road, London, W. Upon learning of a death, he sends to the relatives of the deceased an imitation typewritten letter compounded of the grossest hypocritical cant and humbug possible to imagine. A specimen lies before us, which was recently received by an Amersham resident. It runs :—

> In consideration of an esteemed privilege I offer through feelings of regret my deepest sympathy and sincere condolence in your hour of sadness and dark trouble caused by the loss of one so dear to your home and happiness. Though death has parted you from one so dear we feel in it a transgress to where golden relief is won from every day worries and vicissitudes of this life.
>
> You will no doubt be approached by unscrupulous tradespeople during the coming few days, who by taking advantage of your position and feelings would endeavour to secure your promise of placing any order for Memorial Work in their hands. This practice is repeatedly carried out, and while it reflects on the trade I would advise you (for your own benefit as well as that of conscientious masons) to leave the matter in abeyance, or until such time as your grief has somewhat subdued, when you can face facts in a clearer light and realise what is best to be done.
>
> Later on I should be pleased to forward my Catalogue for your inspection, or at your intimation would ask my Representative to call at your address and go into the various items with you.
>
> Should a Memorial have been erected on your grave previously, I would kindly ask notification on enclosed P.C.

Paul's reference to "unscrupulous tradesmen" is an instance of sublime effrontery. For if ever there were an unscrupulous tradesman surely he is to be found in the person of Henry Paul, who dares to intrude upon the sacredness of domestic grief with his nauseating sympathy.

UNDER THE RED CROSS.

A GRIEVANCE OF MOTOR AMBULANCE DRIVERS.

Not without reason, motor drivers employed by the British Red Cross Society for service at the Front—there are between three hundred and four hundred of them—complain that in case they are killed in the performance of their humanitarian duties in the zone of war no provision whatever is made for their dependents. No doubt the Red Cross Society can urge that the men accept this duty with their eyes open, whilst on the Government side it may be said also that they are not in their, but in private, service. In the strict sense this is true; but they are under military law to a considerable extent.

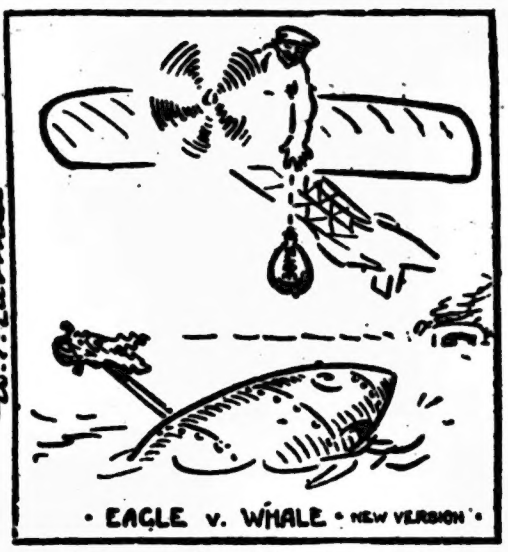
Between the British Red Cross Society and the War Office, therefore, the claim of the motor drivers to provision being made for their dependents should they be killed or die from disease at the Front seems likely to be forgotten. This would be very unfair and very ungrateful. Whoever makes the provision, there is no question that it should be made, as in the case of transport drivers in the Army service. In taking service under the Red Cross in this war the motor drivers perform an arduous, an ungrudging, and a dangerous work for the wounded and the dying, hardly less worthy of grateful recognition than that done by the soldier in the firing line. The whole question is whether the required provision for their dependents in case of death should be made by the War Office or by the Society. We understand that the Society are anxious to do something for the relatives of Red Cross motor drivers killed at the Front, notwithstanding the contract clause by which they have protected themselves from legal liability, but they take the view that as the men are really taking service in their country's cause, it is the Government who should make the provision. We think that is a strong and even irresistible argument. The Society have done their share in paying the wages of these men (35s. a week each) from their voluntary subscriptions, and it is now asking the taxpayer, through the Government, to do the rest.

£1,000 for a Football forecast. Single week Contest. See page 31.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

This thrust back by the Germans will
Disturb no one's complexion,
For look, the mighty roller still
Heads in the right direction.



Our monarchs of the air ascend
From the old town of Dover
And drop destruction on Ostend,
Where submarines take cover.

The Kaiser's threatened sea blockade
Makes Uncle Sam feel nasty;
The Berlin Butcher's now afraid
That he was over-hasty.

When jovial Monks their temper lose,
Forgetful of propriety,
Their quarrel brightens up the news
And lends to life variety.

For mutual monetary aid,
And to make cash advances,
Arrangements the Allies have made,
Which much increase their chances.

On Edinburgh trams, we learn
(We'll see that we are there!)
Will women soon their living earn,
The fair collect the fare!

ANOTHER RICHMOND IN THE FIELD.

ALLEGED ENGLISHMAN EMULATES "CAPT." RAND.

One of the latest "Lucky Stone" merchants to come before our notice is Richard S. Field, Alexander House, 58, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. He carries on his operations similarly to that notorious old Yankee humbug, "Captain" Walter Rand, whose activities we fancy we have succeeded in somewhat abating. Field claims to have been born at Beverley, Yorks, in 1859, and to have had "Thrilling adventures in all parts of the world"—like "Captain" Rand. In the course of his wanderings he found himself in Ceylon—also like "Captain" Rand. In short, his experiences, as described in a booklet which he circulates through the post, read suspiciously like a brief résumé of the "Wonderful Story" of his predecessor at the game. Indeed, it is more than likely that Richard S. Field is our old "military" friend in a new guise, although it must be admitted that the photograph on his booklet bears no resemblance to the features of the "Cap'n." Moreover, he utters a word of warning to the effect that "certain imitators of Richard S. Field's Indian 'Lucky Stone' are offering worthless imitations of luck bringers to the public"—though Rand is astute enough to discredit his *old* self, if by so doing he succeeds in establishing the credit of his *new* self under the name of Richard S. Field. The final point of resemblance between the two practitioners is that they both ask 3s. 6d. apiece for their wares.

THE WELCOME TASK.

[*Belgian civilians at Quatrecht have been compelled to dig pits for the German dead.*]

The old town mourned; its houses wrecked,
Of all its sons bereft,
Only the women and the babes
And grey grandfathers left;
And they, the saddened, surplus ones,
Were told their steps to trace
And wait the orders of their foe
In their own market-place.

The German governor so fierce,
His whiskers bristling grim,
Ordered the poor civilians
To listen unto him:
"You men who cannot pay a tax,
Your daughters and your wives,
Must now my stern command obey,
On peril of your lives.
"Go get your picks and get your spades,
And dig, and dig, and dig!
I order you to set to work
To make a graveyard big,
A great big pit for soldiers' graves,
To bury German dead."
The Belgians bowed; "We'll do the work,
With pleasure," so they said.

R.M.

£250 for two or three words—our Big "Bullets" prize. See page 32.

POLICE PROVOCATEURS.

HOW A CHIEF CONSTABLE WORKS UP HIS CASES.

Chief Constable Barter, of Shrewsbury, is a precious British example of the species of human creature known as *agents provocateurs*—men who incite to the crime they desire to expose. Admittedly, a policeman in pursuit of the wicked is not exactly engaged in cricket; as a rule his success is in proportion to his deception and cunning. There is, however, a moral limit to his legitimate artifice. That limit is reached when he incites to breaches of the law.

We will now justify our first statement by proceeding to state what happened at the local Brewster Sessions in a case where the police opposed the licence of a public-house on the ground that it was not conducted properly. "The chief police witness," says the *Morning Advertiser*," stated that he represented on his visits to the house that he had come from London to work as a clerk in the Army Pay Department at Shrewsbury. He said he used a penny-in-the-slot machine, played table quoits for drinks, and eventually filled up a football coupon and gave it to another customer with 1s. to hand to the landlady's son, whom, he asserted, he was told was the bookie. Witness endeavoured to predict three winning teams, and the odds he was to receive were 18 to 1. Cross-examined, the witness said he did not think it was wrong to tell lies in the execution of his duty, and Chief Constable Barter said the constable acted on his instructions in representing himself as an Army pay clerk. Further questioned, witness admitted that 'he asked people to play quoits for drinks.'" Now, is not this an abominable state of things? Here are two men, a Chief Constable and a policeman, deliberately engaging in a conspiracy to ruin a publican in his business by lying representations and incitements to a breach of the law, and then coming into court claiming justification because they are policemen and expecting to be believed on their oath. So obsessed are Chief Constable Barter and his fellow-conspirator, the subordinate policeman, by the cleverness of their conduct that they are blind, or profess to be, to the scandalous obliquity of their method.

There is only one proper answer to be given by a magisterial bench to policemen of this species. It is that, as they have introduced lying into their police code, they cannot be believed on their oath. This view may have been in the minds of the Licensing Magistrates of Shrewsbury, who had to deal with this particular case, for they came to the conclusion that "the police evidence was not strong enough to justify them in refusing to renew the licence." Thereby Chief Constable Barter and his apt pupil receive a magisterial rebuke which it is hoped they will neither forget, nor fail to profit by.

SCHEMING FOR CROWNS.

TRYING TO TAP THE TRADESMAN'S TILL.

Mr. E. Leonard, of 582, High Road, Leytonstone, N.E., has recently been circularising shopkeepers as follows:—

> Good News at Last! I promote trade. At this Critical Time it is necessary to PUSH TRADE. *I know a scheme which will improve business and bring your shop well before the public.* WHY! Because I will show you the BEST and CHEAPEST way of doubling your Trade. My idea works out at a few shillings, and can be put into operation at once. Surely this means a lot to you at this critical time. I AM OUT TO HELP YOU. ON RECEIPT OF P.O. 5s. I WILL FORWARD MY SCHEME TO IMPROVE ANY BUSINESS. Kindly state what business. *If I cannot help you I refund your money per return.* LETTERS ONLY TO—Mr. E. Leonard ———.

A visit to the address given showed it to be a draper's, inquiry eliciting that Mr. Leonard lodged there, but during the daytime carried on a small jeweller's business in a lock-up shop next door, in the name of Netherton. The subsequent conversation with him was of brief duration, but was long enough to show that the ingenious Business Adviser-*cum*-"Practical Watch and Clock Maker, Manufacturing Jeweller and Optician, Electro Plater and Gilder" is in a very nervous state in regard to his latest enterprise. We advise anybody who receives one of his circulars to tell "Leonard" to let his charity begin at home—he could obviously well do with an improvement in his own business.

MEYER'S MUDDLED MENTALITY.

NOVEL NOTIONS OF A NAIVE NONCONFORMIST.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer has been fussing around a great deal lately at Free Church demonstrations and conferences to propagate his religious opinions about the war. Like other pulpiteering flapdoodlers, he is getting on people's nerves. There cannot be the slightest objection to anybody having religious views about the war. Germany herself has them, these being typically expressed by the Cardinal Archbishop von Hartmann in the Cologne *Church Gazette*, and there is a patriotic whole-hoggery in the pastoral epistle of the holy Hartmann which we sadly miss in the ebullitions of the Rev. Meyer. No slop and slaver about the Cardinal. He proclaims that God has been with the heroic German warriors in the west, in the east, on the sea, under the sea, and in the air; announces that God has been with the Germans in their determination to hold out for a glorious issue; goes nap on the assurance that powerful confidence in God is being shown by all Germans; says, without a wink in his eye or a blush on his cheek, that with God the Germans went into the war to fight for the beloved Fatherland and the holy treasures of Christianity as expressed in German Kultur; takes his faithful clergy to witness what heroic deeds have been already done by Germans under God's guidance and the direction of "our glorious leader the Kaiser and the German princes"; and finally boldly tells the clergy that they must "look upon war in the light of our faith." Not for a moment do we say that the Cardinal von Hartmann is right, but after this we are willing to back him for the royal smiles and an increase of salary. Also we would much rather listen to Hartmann's gospel if we were Germans than to Meyer's gospel as Britons.

What, per contrast, is the message to Britons of the Rev. F. B. Meyer? He goes down to Blackburn to preach from this text: "We must treat the German people as fellow Christians and preach the gospel of love; if we attempt to crush the nation and not conciliate it we should have Alsace-Lorraine all over again"; to crush Germany "will be the signal for a vortex of volcanic indignation and hate; we must do something more than conquer Germany: we must conciliate and win her." If this sort of stuff is the best thought the Rev. F. B. Meyer has to give a nation engaged in the fiercest war of history against another whose barbarities, on land and sea, blasphemously dedicated to God, have staggered humanity, he had much better hold his peace. Britain can well do without such invertebrate gospellers at this time, for if the first duty of a nation is to establish justice, righteousness, and liberty—to fight against the hosts of darkness with the hosts of light—to crush out devildom instead of wasting precious breath in talking about loving it and conciliating it, then assuredly the rev. gentleman's patriotism is merely Laodicean, for it bloweth neither hot nor cold. "Hit him first and hold him after"—preachment or no preachment, that is the duty of patriotism in this country towards the Kaiser, who is Beelzebub Redivivus, whether the Rev. F. B. Meyer perceives his horns and tail or not.

THE BRITON'S BEEF.

A PRACTICAL REMEDY FOR THE PRESENT SHORTAGE.

A reader calls our attention to the fact that, for the last two years, large quantities of chilled beef have been transported in British ships from American and other beef works in the Argentine to the United States, and that in consequence there is a shortage in this country. During the last two years the meat supply in North America has run short, and instead of exporting meat from the United States, as they used to do, large quantities of chilled beef are being imported from the American Trusts and other chilling works in the Argentine. It is all being carried in British vessels, ten of which are thus employed. Owing to Army requirements, large numbers of vessels fitted with refrigerators are being used as transports for troops, and also as store ships—with the result that there have been no ships to carry meat either from Australia, New Zealand, or the Argentine. It would certainly be nothing but business were the Government to commandeer several of the vessels running in this trade.

Single week Football contest. Another huge cash prize offer. See page 31.